or good *Launcelet Iobbe*, vſe your legges, take the ſtart, runne away, my conſcience ſayes no; take heede honeſt *Launcelet*, take heede honeſt *Iobbe*, or as afore-ſaide honeſt *Launcelet Iobbe*, doe not runne, ſcorne running with thy heeles; well, the moſt coragious fiend bids me packe, *fia* ſayes the fiend, away ſayes the fiend, for the heauens rouſe vp a braue minde ſayes the fiend, and runne; well, my conſcience hanging about the necke of my heart, ſayes very wiſely to mee: my honeſt friend *Launcelet* beeing an honeſt mans ſonne, or rather an honeſt womans ſonne, for indeede my Father did ſomething ſmacke, ſomething grow to; he had a kinde of taſt; well, my conſcience ſayes *Launcelet* bouge not, bouge ſayes the fiend, bouge not ſayes my conſcience, conſcience ſay I you counſaile wel, fiend ſay I you counſaile well, to be ruld by my conſcience, I ſhould ſtay with the Iewe my Maiſter, (who God bleſſe the marke) is a kinde of deuill; and to runne away from the Iewe I ſhould be ruled by the fiend, who ſauing your reuerence is the deuill himſelfe: certainely the Iewe is the very deuill incarnation, and in my conſcience, my conſcience is but a kinde of hard conſcience, to offer to counſaile mee to ſtay with the Iewe; the fiend giues the more friendly counſaile: I will runne fiend, my heeles are at your commaundement, I will runne.

Enter old Gobbo with a basket.

Gobbo. Maiſter young-man, you I pray you, which is the way to Maiſter Iewes?

Launcelet. O heauens, this is my true begotten Father, who being more then ſand blinde, high grauell blinde, knowes me not, I will try confuſions with him.

Gobbo. Maiſter young Gentleman, I pray you which is the way to Maiſter Iewes.

Launcelet. Turne vp on your right hand at the next turning, but at the next turning of all on your left; marry at the very next turning turne of no hand, but turne downe indirectly to the Iewes houſe.

Gobbo. Be Gods ſonties twill be a hard way to hit, can you tell me

mee whether one *Launcelet* that dwels with him, dwell with him or no.

Launcelet. Talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*, marke mee nowe, nowe will I raiſe the waters; talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gobbo. No Maiſter ſir, but a poore mans Sonne, his Father though I ſay't is an honeſt exceeding poore man, and God bee thanked well to liue.

Launce. Well, let his Father be what a will, wee talke of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Your worſhips friend and *Launcelet* ſir.

Launce. But I pray you *ergo* olde man, *ergo* I beſeech you, talke you of young Maiſter *Launcelet*.

Gob. Of *Launcelet* ant pleaſe your maiſterſhip.

Launce. *Ergo* Maiſter *Launcelet*, talke not of maiſter *Launcelet* Father, for the young Gentleman according to fates and deſtenies, and ſuch odd ſayings, the ſiſters three, and ſuch braunches of learning, is indeede deceaſed, or as you would ſay in plaine termes, gone to heauen.

Gobbo. Marry God forbid, the boy was the very ſtaffe of my age, my very prop.

Launcelet. Doe I looke like a cudgell or a houell poſt, a ſtaffe, or a prop: doe you know me Father.

Gobbo. Alacke the day, I knowe you not young Gentleman, but I pray you tell mee, is my boy G O D reſt his ſoule aliue or dead.

Launcelet. Doe you not know me Father.

Gobbo. Alack ſir I am ſand blind, I know you not.

Launcelet. Nay, in deede if you had your eyes you might fayle of the knowing mee: it is a wiſe Father that knowes his owne childe. Well, olde man, I will tell you newes of your ſonne, giue mee your bleſſing; trueth will come to light, murder cannot bee hidde long, a mannes Sonne may, but in the ende trueth will out.

Gobbo. Pray you ſir ſtand vp, I am ſure you are not *Launcelet* my boy.